

MY POOR DOG TRAY.

On the green banks of Shannon, when Shelah was nigh,
No blythe Irish lad was so happy as I,
No harp like my own could so cherrily play,
And wherever I went, was my poor dog Tray.

When, at last, I was forced from my Shelah to part,
She said—while the sorrow was big in her heart,
“Oh, remember your Shelah, when far, far away,
And be kind, my dear Pat, to my poor dog Tray.”

Poor dog, he was faithful and kind, to be sure;
And he constantly loved me, although I was poor,
When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of grey,
And he lick'd me for kindness—my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remembered his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter's day,
And I play'd a lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go—poor, forsaken and blind?
Can I find one to guide me so faithful and kind?
To my sweet native village so far, far away,
I can ne'er more return with my poor dog Tray.

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☞ All the New Songs constantly on hand. ☞

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MY DOG TRAY.

On the green banks of Shannon, when Shelley was high,
No poetic tribe had yet so happy lay;
No harp, but my own, and so classically play,
And wherever I went, was my poor dog Tray.

When, at last, I was forced from my school to part,
She said—while the sorrow was hot in her heart,
"Don't forget your Shelley, when far, far away,
And he bids my heart say to my poor dog Tray."

Poor dog, he was faithful and kind to his mate;
And he constantly loved me, although I was poor;
Then the schoolboy folks sent me homeward away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
And far and the dog was grown weary and old,
How eagerly we slept in my old coat of grey,
And he bid me the business—my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was small, I remember that time,
Not refused my last crust to the poet's rhyme;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter's day,
And I lay a banner for my poor dog Tray.

White now shall I be—poor Shelley's and kind;
Can I find time to grieve now for him and find?
To my sweet native hills, so far, far away,
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

And now, Tray, my dog,
All the New Year is constantly on hand, &c.